

Characters

CUNT

OMAR

FRENCH LANDLORD

MICK JAGGER

CUNT WAITRESS

THE CAR DRIVER

THE MAN WHOSE HEAD IS OUT

A MAN SITTING IN THE BACK OF THE CAR

THE ASSISTANT POLICE COMMISSIONER

COP

MAN WITH HEADDRESS

LEVI-STRAUSS

HACENE

Act

ALGERIA

IN 1979, RIGHT BEFORE THE ALGERIAN REVOLUTION
BEGINS, THE CITY IS COLD AND DANK ...

1

THE STUD ENEMY

I am fucking you and you are coming you have a hard time coming you breathe hard you have periods when you strain to come then your cock withers you strain to come again. I hear you I see you I don't feel I am doing anything to help you the rhythm is so steady I come jagged to your steady rhythm my coming is insignificant compared to your building. You gasp. You are three laps away. Oh I am coming again. My coming is always so unexpected. I want you to come. I want you to come. I want you. I want you. When you come I never come you are unable to move it is always so unexpected.

I leave Kader because I live in New York City and Kader lives in Toronto. In New York I feel I'm a jagged part skin walking down the street. I feel part of my being no longer is. That is disgusting. That is an outrage.

I have to leave the man I love because I have no money and he has no money. I want to bust up the government to destroy every government that's telling me what to do, controlling the me that I most want to be me, bust up the society that causes government, the money that denies feeling and irrationality I hate Separation from Kader makes me have to fill that separation with nothing, makes me grab at everyone, makes me hate everyone for me every single thing is equal to every other single thing: I have to get to you. I have to get to you. I HATE equals I LOVE YOU.

Here in New York, every morning I wake up, I don't want to be awake. I have to persuade myself to wake up. I have to use my will to get food in my mouth because my heart sees no reason for anything. I don't feel unhappy. I don't think my life's repulsive even though I have no money for food I have to for food. I don't care about poverty. I want.

80 miles west of Constantine. The town inhabitants were preparing to celebrate the Nazi capitulation to Western European forces of the previous night. The Algerians had always passively resented their French occupants. The formed nationalist movement Parti du Peuple Algerien (P·P·A·) was the first occasion for direct Algerian anger. Right before the anti-Nazi celebration, the French sent the leader of the P·P·A, Messali Hadj, to jail. The Muslim population of Setif wanted the anti-Nazi celebration to become a strong suggestion that the French leave Algeria to the Algerians.

Actually there was no such important rational plan. All people are hungry, wanting. Hungry people do not act by rational plans, but by instinct. During the anti-Nazi celebration, a French policeman saw a beautiful Algerian boy, got a hard-on, couldn't tell what he should do. The Algerians were carrying green and-white national flag and banners saying "Long Live Messali""Free Messali""For The Liberation Of The People, Long Live Free And Independent Algeria!" Instead of fucking him up the ass, the cop shot the beautiful Algerian boy in the stomach. People act in accordance with the energy levels situations. The Muslims jumped the Europeans. Anger was out on the streets. The next week the Europeans murdered 45,000 Muslims.

Over the phone I tell Kader to come to New York. He phones me he's planning to come he doesn't have any money he needs to find free rides each way and some free money. We're both feeling desperate. Kader says he'll come to New York he'll borrow the money. I tell him if he can't get hold of the money, old enough to have me. I'm forgetting who Kader is. My forgetting gets me scared cause I'm desperate to have someone else in my life.

I decide as if the decision is no part of me I stick with Kader. I ask him when are you coming to New York? Kader says he'll be here in three days because he's been able to borrow the money. I love him. I don't want him to come here, break into my isolation. My body desperately wants a cock inside her.

Before and after Setif, the French colonists were controlling more and more of Algeria and decimating more and more Algerians. By 1954 an average

cities in which they worked for French bosses for almost nothing though to them it was a lot because in Algeria the average Muslim worker earned twenty-two cents a day if he was lucky one-ninth of the population was unemployed earned nothing.

I, Omar, live alone in a room. I almost never leave my room. I am lonely out of my mind sometimes. A lot of this time I worry a lot about money because for the last three months I have owned about ten dollars a week I am two months behind on rent I hate all other people; I am unable to fuck I am horny; nobody I am scared I am in danger kill kill; I am unable to kill my grandmother who is rich many people kill many people in wars I hate myself because I do not kill; because I do not walk out of my room.

Whenever a cock enters me every night three nights in a row, I ask myself regardless of who the cock belongs to should I let my SELF depend on this person or should I remain a closed entity. I say: I'm beginning to love you I don't want to see you again. The man thinks I'm crazy so he wants nothing me.

THE IMPORTANCE OF SEX BECAUSE IT BREAKS THE RATIONAL MIND.

The French police fastened the gégène's (an army signals magneto) electrodes to the Algerian rebel's ears and fingers. A flash of lightning exploded next to the man's ears he felt his heart racing in his breast The cops turned up the electricity. Instead of those sharp and rapid spasms, the Algerian felt more pain, convulsed muscles, longer spasms. The cop placed the electrodes in his mouth. The currents plastered his jaws against the electrodes. Images of fire luminous geometric nightmares burned across his glued eyelids. While the Algerian longed for water, they dumped his head into a bucket of ice-cold liquid until he had to breathe the liquid. They did this again and again. They did this again and again. A fist big as an ox's ball slammed into his head. The screams of other

All those people of whom we are afraid, who crush the jealous emerald of our dreams, who twist the fragile curve of our smiles, all those people we face, who ask us no questions, but to whom we put strange ones:

Who are they?

What can our enthusiasm and devotion and madness achieve if everyday reality is now a tissue of lies, a tissue of cowardice, a tissue of contempt for human mentality?

The degree of alienation of the people who gave me this world seems frightening to me. Alien to alienation, we now have to live depersonalized or.... Right now there is no difference between a legal and a criminal act.

Lawlessness, inequality for the sake of desire, multi-daily murders of human beings have been raised to the status of legislated middle-class principles.

This social structure negates our beings, makes us who are without into nothings. If we hope: if we talk of or search for love, this hope is not an open door to the future, but the illogical maintenance of a subjective attitude in organized contradiction with reality.

Beneath the lousy material way we live, beneath our petty crimes, we want to eat food without roach-eggs and we want to love people. I think a society that drives its members to desperate solutions is a non-viable society, a society to be replaced.

HOW CAN I WHO AM DISINHERITED ACT?

I have to make Kader here even if he isn't here. I talk to Kader on the streets. I write down the conversations I have with Kader over the phone. I use Kader for everything. I can't write down what I think I should be writing Kader's thoughts keep interrupting me. I have to fuck I have to fuck I have to fuck I

I think that for a kid American family life is so bad

(cause the parents, taking shit from their parents, bosses, the media, etc., have

of the rebel leaders. But the Algerian people didn't stop being angry. The young Algerian boys who were growing up knew smatterings of Marxist revolutionary techniques. They didn't care for liberal sentiments or revolutionary They weren't interested in groups. They enjoyed hating. They liked to fight. They respected violence.

2 CUNT

All Algerian women wear the veil. This large square cloth that covers the whole face and body makes the woman anonymous. There is no such thing as a woman. Henceforth a woman is A CUNT. A CUNT can see. It cannot be seen. A CUNT does not yield itself it does not offer itself it does not give itself. Frenchmen who say they want cunt find real CUNTS frustrating.

This is the way THE CUNT my mother committed suicide:

THE CUNT ate at the most expensive restaurants in New York City. It purchased five copies of every expensive piece of clothing it liked. It bought needlepoint designs at \$300 a piece. It rode in taxis and hired limousines. THE CUNT ran through \$300,000 of its husband's life insurance money and the money THE CUNT its mother gave it in two years. The closer THE CUNT came to no money, the more frenzily it spent. It stole money and jewelry from THE CUNT its mother. It ran out of jewelry it could steal from THE CUNT its mother. So it began to buy \$50 a piece hangars and \$20 a pair socks from Bloomingdales so it could spend more and more money.

THE CUNT was the one who came the closest to successful suicide by blowing money.

THE CUNT was left with no money and no source of money. Its apartment in which it had lived for thirty years was about to be taken away from it because it hadn't paid rent in three months. Since its friends were close to a CUNT who had lots of money like them, it was about to have no friends. It had

packed another suit, a skirt, a sweater, a pair of black patent leather shoes, a nightie, a bathrobe, two pairs of nylon underpants, a pair of sheer panty hose, a bra, and a small overnight case containing cigarettes, reading glasses, lipstick, bobby pins, and three bottles of the diet pills and Librium THE CUNT had been eating since its dead husband's first heart attack eight years ago in a large cloth green-and-black plaid valise. THE CUNT opened the gray metal safety vault stored under the shoe shelf. It put all the papers except for bills, my adoption papers, and its medical insurance back in the vault

THE CUNT transported the valise, the vault, and its brown poodle Mistaflur to the New York Hilton Hotel. When the New York Hilton hotel refused to accept its expired Master Charge card, THE CUNT slipped them a bad check. THE CUNT told the New York Hilton Hotel it wasn't sure how many nights it planned to stay there; it would pay in advance for two nights. At noon THE CUNT walked the half block to THE CUNT its mother's hotel. It balanced THE CUNT its mother's bankbooks. THE CUNT was speedier and more agitated than usual.

The next day THE CUNT boarded its poodle at Dr' Wolborn's on 51st street off Third Avenue. THE CUNT told THE CUNT receptionist it'd pick up Mistaflur on the Tuesday after the upcoming Christmas.

THE CUNT had no one no thing. THE CUNT had no more time no more space. But THE CUNT had itself. In the hotel room THE CUNT ate down all its Librium and died.

SUICIDE AND SELF DESTRUCTION
IS THE FIRST WAY THE SHITTED ON START SHOWING
ANGER AGAINST THE SHITTERS.

3
THE NEXT CRAZY CUNT

Occupation: Nothing

Former Convictions: 1971-Obscenity lowered to Contempt, \$50. fine. Twice.

THE CUNTS are heard, dense like the cries of birds, shrill, metallic, angry. Today I go to visit THE CUNT my grandmother. THE CUNT my grandmother is very rich and I am very poor. My husband who left me eight months ago met me on the streetcorner. He was fifteen minutes late. I was very upset at him because if we're not on time THE CUNT my grandmother who is a dictator throws a fit On the street I threw my husband's mail at him.

In retaliation he told me no one treats him with as little respect as I treat him. He had ACTUALLY been looking forward to seeing me, but now he didn't want to go with me to THE CUNT my grandmother's. I was not the person I now was. I have no pride in myself. To survive I must learn how to do things for money. In my mind I don't want to see my husband again because I don't like him. But THE CUNT my grandmother likes me only when I'm married so I have to keep pretending I'm married. I HAVE to. Since it knows Ali and I are married, I have to keep pretending I'm married to Ali.

The moment we walk into THE CUNT my grandmother's apartment, it asks me why I'm neglecting it. It would have left its apartment if it could walk. I apologize as abjectly as I know how. Ali laughs.

THE CUNT my grandmother's CUNT companion enters. THE CUNT my grandmother wants to eat in The Museum of Modern Art around the corner. Since it can't walk anymore, it and its companion take a taxi around the block. Ali and I are supposed to walk.

Ali and I are waiting an hour on The Museum of Modern Art lunch line. THE CUNT companion is escorting THE CUNT my grandmother to a table in the garden. A sign above the tables says NO RESERVING. THE CUNT my

to the table. THE CUNT my grandmother doesn't allow us to do anything. Then, from its very own plate, THE CUNT my grandmother gives one lettuce leaf, one peach slice, and a spoonful of egg salad smothered in pink French dressing THE CUNT its companion.

THE CUNT my grandmother keeps ordering THE CUNT its companion to fetch us different silverware and drinks. Ali keeps disappearing into a phone booth to try to get away from here as soon as possible. THE CUNT my grandmother is keeping to its two topics of conversation: food and THE dead CUNT my mother. Why don't you eat more, Omar? Eat this piece of cheesecake. Eat this apple pie. I slip the food to Ali so I don't vomit. Why does Ali eat so much? With what food costs these days, it's ridiculous to waste food. Wrap this leftover vomit in a napkin and put it in your bag. If you don't take the vomit, CUNT companion will. THE CUNT companion is such a pig, she'll take any vomit. THE CUNT your mother wasn't a pig: it was perfect. It was absolutely beautiful. Everyone loved it. Why'd it have to kill itself. You'd be exactly like it, Omar, if only you'd grow your hair and act feminine. I ask THE grandmother about the places it's travelled to. Ali and I escort THE CUNT my grandmother with great dignity to a taxi-cab and we take a subway home. I have to sell two gold watches: all THE CUNT my mother left me. I'm walking in the Diamond district. Ali yells at me I'll want these watches as mementoes. I yell I want to pay my rent, Con Ed, and tax return bills I'm two months late on. The gold dealer is a shifty cold man. He tells me my watches aren't real gold.

4

OMAR MEETS A REBEL

THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS

5 p.m. The street is fairly wide for a street in the Arab quarter. By this late afternoon it is crowded with Algerians in traditional clothes and Europeans

This is an Arab cafe on Rue Random 40. Its owner, Madjebri, is a police informer ...

THE CUNT DIGS UP THE CUNT ITS DEAD MOTHER; RIPS OFF ITS GOLD JEWELRY AND THE GOLD FILLINGS IN ITS TEETH.

OMAR

Everyday at 5 p.m. a French cop walks into the cafe supposedly for a cup of tea. Medjebri tells him what's happening in the quarter.

Medjebri moves away from his register to the table the cop's sitting at. He mutters hello and hands the cop a cup of tea.

The cop sips his cup of tea It's so hot he has to drink slowly. Finally he finishes. Medjebri walks to the table, picks up the cup and mutters some words. He walks away with the cup.

A large clock and sign for vacuum cleaners. Under the clock and sign for vacuum cleaners a young CUNT stands motionless. Its arms, forming an arch, balance a basket on its head.

The cop hands Medjebri some money for his tea Medjebri refuses.

Omar is standing under the clock and sign. He and THE CUNT glances.

THE CUNT shifts the basket filled with corn on to its hip.

through the crowds of people so they keep the correct distance behind the cop.

THE CUNT sticks its hand into the corn. It hands Omar a small revolver.

Omar keeps the revolver under his jacket. He tries to pass the cop.

THE CUNT holds him back. It's scared.

He smiles at it. His eyes glint.

He moves a few steps past the policeman. Suddenly he turns, lifts his arm as if to hit him, extends the revolver. The cop halts. His eyes wide. Instinctively he raises his hands. He's terrified out of his mind.

Omar looks around him. People are running away from him. Others are mesmerized and can't run.

OMAR

Don't move. Look you. Look at him! He doesn't give orders now. His hands are up. Do you see him, brothers? The people who control us are just like us.

Omar presses the trigger. An empty click. Omar presses the trigger several times.

The gun barrel is empty.

The cop lowers his right hand. It almost touches his gun.

Omar throws away his gun and jumps. He knocks down the surprised cop.

together.

They reach an alleyway. As Omar is about to get THE CUNT it enters a front door.

THE CUNT places the basket on the floor, removes the gun and hides the gun next to its tits. As it turns, Omar blocks its way.

OMAR

Tell me what's going on here. Who sent me that letter?

CUNT

If we don't get out of here now, they'll catch us.

OMAR

(uncontrollably)

I want to know.

5

MADNESS BEGINS

:KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

Omar is looking at his white door.

OMAR

Who is it?

Here's the rest of your money.

(Hands the French Landlord an envelope.)

FRENCH LANDLORD

What're you paying now?

OMAR

\$160

FRENCH LANDLORD

You're lucky.

OMAR

I'm lucky?

FRENCH LANDLORD

I'm getting \$225 for these apartments now.

OMAR

You can't get \$225 from me. It's the law. You can only raise me seven and a half percent.

FRENCH LANDLORD

I'm just joking, I'm just jokeeng. I wouldn't say this if it wasn't a joke. I wouldn't

You've got your rent. O`K? Goodbye.

PHOEBES, a restaurant on the Bowery. A group of six poor musicians and artists are sitting at one of the tables in the front behind the large glass windows which serve as walls. A famous rock-n-roll star walks into the restaurant and asks if he can sit with these people.

CUNT

You're Mick Jagger, aren't you? Oooo. Can I have your autograph?

He signs its tit and it walks away.

JAGGER

I can't really deal with being this famous.

CUNT WAITRESS

Would you like anything to eat?

JAGGER

An omelette and some french fries, and a glass of white wine.

Various CUNTS keep running up to Mick Jagger and getting his autograph. The musicians and artists talk among themselves. Mick Jagger pulls out a wad of hundred dollar bills to pay for his food

dangerous.

JAGGER

It's not that much money. It's just the pocket change I keep on me.

AREAS OF THE CASBAH UNDERWORLD. VODOO.
CHICKEN AND ONE-LEGGED BEGGARS DANCE IN THE
AIR. THE POOR PEOPLE ARE SMIRKING EVERYWHERE.

At the bottom of the Casbah is this whore section. Black bars for gamblers and opium smokers.

People who can no longer manage: Dirty old men Children. CUNTS. The old men lie on the streets. Rub their cocks. The children deal drugs and dirty pictures. CUNTS, if they're young, are standing by their doorways, looking for Johns. They've tied their veils, away from their faces, over their heads, neck napes.

Omar is walking down the Street of The Reflection of Stars. Only a few windows in the Casbah show lights. Night. In the background there is the triumphant neon of the European city: the sea, the ships at rest, that lighthouse beams. Omar wants. Worse than wanting and not getting is feeling that now to—I don't have to repeat again the material evidences of deprivation: living in garbage, no food, disease, lousy sexual relations, poisoned air, no control—being a robot; accepting that he's living a half-life a sedated life a machine life soon he'll not even be conscious that there's another way to live than the way he's dying. He has to fight. He has to find. He SCREAMS. The depression comes down more and more. Omar can't move. He stops walking through the streets. Depression is a cold heavy weight on top of him. Is him. He cannot

(These are heard as whispers in the night)

The Man Whose Head Is Out: Try going to the right.

The car turns right. Moves slowly down the street. The numbers, even, are growing. 26... 28... 30...

THE CAR DRIVER

What's the number?

The Man Whose Head Was Out: 8.

A MAN SITTING IN THE BACK OF THE CAR

It doesn't matter. Stop here.

The Man Whose Head Was Out: It does matter. Back up until you're directly opposite 8.

In the shadows Omar is watching.

A streetlight hits the car at an angle so we see the men inside the car are French cops.

The car backs up past the stop sign, 16 ... 14 ... 12 ... 10 ..., to 8. The Car Driver, the French Police Commissioner, puts the car in neutral. His right hand is pressing in the cigarette lighter in the dashboard.

The Man Who Leaned His Head Out Of The Window, the French Assistant Police Commissioner, picks up a large package lying under his legs. Its

COP

Five minutes. Give me a light.

The Police Commissioner pulls the cigarette lighter out of the dashboard. Meanwhile the Cop has opened the back car door. Very quickly: he takes the lighter and touches the fuse. Sparks.

#8 door is directly opposite the open car door.

The Cop places the package in a shadow under #8 door while the Police Commissioner changes gears.

The Cop races back to the car.

At the second he is jumping into the car, the Police Commissioner is releasing the clutch. The police car shoots away.

The explosion is very violent. The building fronts #8, #10 and #12 burst and collapse.

The explosion echoes end. There's a long no-sound. Within: a few sharp recognizable lonely noises: Bricks fall. Glass shatters...

Omar walks into the rubble as the clear white light of dawn appears. This light is dispelling every shadow and precisely designing every outline. Omar can see clearly. Here and there, in the middle of the sky, numerous dust clouds appear, strangely motionless. Omar sees a few human figures. They look scuttle like ants across the debris. CUNTS, motionless, weep softly. Their moans

People run and shout through the streets. They lean out their windows or stand on their balconies and scream.

Ju-Ju Ju-Ju Ju-Ju Ju-Ju Ju-Ju Ju-Ju Ju-Ju Ju-Ju Ju-Ju Ju-Ju Ju-Ju
Ju-Ju Ju-Ju Ju-Ju Ju-Ju Ju-Ju Ju-Ju Ju-Ju Ju-Ju Ju-Ju Ju-Ju Ju-Ju

These Ju-Jus smother every other sound. The excitement is increasing. The people are running to where there is more running, a louder shouting. They don't know what they want to do except they want to be together. A man points downward: to the clean houses of the French.

The European Quarter

The top of steep, almost vertical steps that lead from the Casbah to the European quarter.

Dusk. In the European city the first fake lights are visible. Europeans begin to crowd the bars for an aperitif.

A bar on Rue Marengo.

DESCENT INTO THE UNDERWORLD

BLACK ORPHEUS

The room isn't large enough to be an auditorium, but it is an auditorium. It's back rank as I see it in my dream, which is the first place Omar stands: THE PLACE FOR SPECTATORS, lies above the rest of the room. Its walls and ceiling are black. There's a feeling of red. A waisthigh black metal bar separates THE PLACE FOR SPECTATORS from the rest of the auditorium.

drums. Huge black velvet curtains sweep over them and almost hide them. A thin man who doesn't wear white with an American Indian headdress and a cigar in his mouth walks right up to the drummers, looks at them, flicks his in their faces, turns around looks at the people in the circle, puts the cigar in his mouth, walks away. As he walks away, he nods his approval. All these gestures are precise. The people start to move.

Omar is standing in the right part of THE PLACE FOR SPECTATORS. He is alone. He is looking down into the room below.

MAN WITH HEADDRESS

You won't find her that way.

Omar looks up at the Man With Headdress.

MAN WITH HEADDRESS

If you really want to find Eurydice, you'll have to join us.

The Man With Headdress walks down a flight of black stairs to the center room. He unbuckles the red velvet restaurant-like rope that separates the bottom of the stairs from the rest of the lower room, ushers Omar through, and rebuckles the belt.

The Man With Headdress blows cigar smoke in Omar's face. The central room. A short fat CUNT enters the middle of this room. It should be middle-aged, but it's wearing a very short clean white ruffled baby dress tied around the waist by a thin light blue satin ribbon. Another pale satin ribbon tied around begins to slowly turn. It hiccups. As soon as it hiccups, its character changes. It

pou' les morts 'bandonné nan gran bois,
pou' les morts 'bandonné nan gran dlo,
pou' les morts 'bandonné nan gran plaine,
pou' les morts tué pa' couteau,
pou' les morts tué pa' épée,
pou' tou les morts, au nom de Mait' Cafou et de Legba;
pou' tou generation paternelle et maternelle,
ancêtre et ancetère, Afrique et Afrique;
au nom de Mait' Cafou, Legba, Baltaza, Mirio...
Pray for the dead you undecided:
for the dead roaming in the great wood,
for the dead roaming in the great sea,
for the dead roaming in the great waste,
for you killed by knives,
for you killed violently,
for you dead, in the name of Legba, Master of Decide,
for my mother's and father's generation who accepted slavery,

in the name of Legba, No-Slave, Master of Decide, the Mirror:

pray

The Man With Headdress walks up to Omar.

MAN WITH HEADDRESS

It's over. You can go now.

Omar Where's Eurydice?

I don't see it. I want...

All the dancers laugh. They think Omar's crazy cause he isn't happy and that's funny.

OMAR

(more confused)

Where's Eurydice?

MAN WITH HEADDRESS

If you don't trust us, you'll never get it. You have to trust it's behind you.
Omar I want to see it! Once!

Omar is looking behind him. He's seeing the short fat CUNT who started the dancing following him. He's thinking it's ugly.

OMAR

That's not Eurydice!

CUNT EURYDICE

Omar... Omar...

(The short fat CUNT's voice tells us it's Eurydice. Its arms reach out to Omar, but it can no longer follow him.)

Meaning depends on rules. Is rules. That's the nature of language.

5 p.m. A stage in the upstairs of FUN CITY on 42nd street. The downstairs of FUN CITY is filled with dirty movie booths. In front of the stage are twelve rows of stained red plush chairs

The fake red velvet stage curtains are open. A huge bed covered by a filthy dazzling pink terrycloth throw is center stage. To the left of this bed, a broken armchair. The light is pink. The joint smells of dried piss and come. Omar, a young boy-CUNT, and Hacene, a tall lean stud who never fucks CUNTS, stage.

CUNT

(running on to the stage)

You've been discovered! You've been discovered!

OMAR

(jumping like an excited dog over Hacene):

We're discovered! We're in! Hacene! Hacene! *(Turning to THE CUNT,)* John Belushi was here last night

CUNT

You're going to be a big movie star.

OMAR

glasses Mourad saw yesterday.

OMAR

The world's wonderful!...

(Jumps up and down on the broken-glass-covered bed)

I'm not going to be miserable anymore! I'm not poor! I'm going to see doctors for the next two weeks! I'm going to travel wherever I want to go!

HACENE

Calm down, honey. 5:30. We've got a show to do.

(Hacene and Omar somewhat control the shows because FUN CITY's boss, a Mafiosa, never walks upstairs cause he's scared of getting busted.)

OMAR

Doing a sex show's great! Now that we've been discovered. The only thing I mind is being busted.

HACENE

What show do you want to do?

(He and Omar have a repertory of three semi-improvised shows they keep rotating so they don't become bored out of their minds.)

HACENE

I'll say you're really stupid. I'll heap insults on you.

OMAR

I'll act as dumb as I know.

The stage curtains open up. Half-way the right curtain sticks; Hacene runs on stage and pulls it open.

Hacene's sitting in the armchair to the right of the huge bed. He's wearing a dark suit that's seen better days. Omar enters STAGE RIGHT. It's wearing its version (as close as it can stand to be) of an uptown CUNT's shopping outfit. It walks past Hacene and turns around to face him:

OMAR

Oh doctor. I hope I'm not early. I hope it's O`K`

HACENE

IN A SMOOTH VOICE

It's fine, Mrs` er...

(Looks down at a slip of paper.)

Or is it Miss?

OMAR

and relax yourself.

OMAR

Uh...

(looking around. It can't find where to sit.)

HACENE

Just sit down here, Miss Fendermast. I'm sure you'll feel comfortable.

OMAR

(jumping away like it SEES it for the first time):

That's a bed!

HACENE

Yes, Miss Fendermast. I find it helps create the proper atmosphere in which my patient can feel free to express himself to the fullest extent possible.

OMAR

I can't sit on a BED!

HACENE

Miss Fendermast, are you scared of beds? Really now. It won't bite you. Try sitting on the bed. If you don't like it, you can talk standing up.

(shifting in his seat),

what seems to be the problem?

OMAR

(nervously agitating, blocking)

I don't know, doctor. I don't think there is any problem. I don't know why I came here.

HACENE

Why don't you just talk, Miss Fendermast? Tell me something about yourself.

OMAR

There's nothing to tell... I'm not anybody...

HACENE

Do you have any little problems, agitations, that maybe I can help you with?

OMAR

Well... There is this man who keeps following me. He goes everywhere I go.

HACENE

Have you tried calling the police?

OMAR

OMAR

The next day I didn't see the man anymore. I went outside to do my marketing. As soon as I turned the corner next to the A&P, I saw all these men.

HACENE

There are always men on the street.

OMAR

No. They were watching me. They followed me all the way home. Ever since that day, five men have been watching me when I get undressed, at night when I lie alone in bed, they're even in my bathroom.

HACENE

Miss Fendermast, it's a common CUNT delusion that men are obsessed with CUNTS. It stems from the CUNT's knowledge that it is genitally inferior.

OMAR

There are lots of men out here.

(Pointing to the audience and looking at them with wide eyes.)

They're all staring at me and they're waiting for me to take my clothes off.

HACENE

(knows he's got a real loony this time):

Aren't all of you watching me?

Lots of heckles from audience.

HACENE

Moreover, most men in this city aren't even interested in CUNTS. Now don't you think you're exaggerating? Just a little?

OMAR

NO!

(Unconsciously sits down on the bed.)

I am not. Those men out there are watching me right now. I don't know why they are. I've never done anything to invite their glances and leers. I'm a good CUNT. I live alone. I never let anyone see me

(it stumbles over the word naked)

without my clothes on.

HACENE

Your mother?

OMAR

Especially a MAN. For the last 32 years before I get undressed, I pull down the

breasts, uplifted by a black lace half-bra, burst through the slowly opening sweater)

... I'm very tired because I've been typing so hard all day... I look up from unbuttoning my sweater for a second time and I see these MEN...

(the palms of its hands rest on the black lace over its full nipples. When the palms of its hands move away, the nipples pop forward)

... five big men's faces and their eyes are on my eyes...

HACENE

(staring rigidly at its gorgeous boobs):

Are you sure their eyes are on your EYES, Miss Fendermast?

OMAR

I don't want to see them, but I have to. They're THERE! I can see their nasty businessmen's cops' pupils travelling up down my misting flesh...

(its hands delicately lightly play with the tips of its nipples: brush the tips, flick a shudder, the almost nonexistent shudder in the world; a flick of the pointed tip of a red fingernail on that animal. Its hands press down its breasts and rub, smoothly, evened-outstrokes...)

I run into a corner. There's a man!

The psychiatrist is obviously as aroused as every man in the audience of the sex

(it's now in a total trance)

his right hand insinuates itself between my sheer nylon panties and my open skin and tears...

(it tears at its underpants)

... he rips my panties into shreds... shreds of floating black cloth...

The psychiatrist's cock is standing bright red rigid outside his open fly. The psychiatrist's right hand is moving rapidly up and down the knob of this cock there are squishing sounds.

OMAR

I have to do everything the man tells me. He tells me to stick the third finger of my right hand up my pussy. I stick the third finger of my right hand up my pussy.

(It sticks the third finger of its right hand up its pussy. At that point it goes crazy and can no longer use language. Its legs thrash wet. Its finger flies in and out touches its clit back down where it aches the clit aches; its mouth clamps down wet, safe, on the hard little nipple button its hand holds up, getting what it wants and at the same time wanting: the tip of its finger is now only touching the tip of its clit. Slowly now. Don't lose the concentration. Have to learn to relax totally so you become your finger. You become that hard little thing that is giving pleasure. That hard little thing is able to give perfect pleasure. That hard little thing is inducing an amazing orgasm and has to move much faster. If you let yourself feel this orgasm, you'll lose it. That hard little thing is IT. That hard little thing is IT.) (The world; the universe; perfection.)

One more time. Oh. Oh. Oh. yes I.

(The wave hits a peak lower than the first apex, drops into gray.)

HACENE

(before Omar recovers):

Suck me.

OMAR

Santa Claus came to see me last night.

HACENE

Excuse me, Miss Fendermast?

OMAR

(she know this psychiatrist is a dope):

SANTA CLAUS visited me last night He visits me every night that I've been a good CUNT.

HACENE

How long has Santa Claus been visiting you?

OMAR

Ever since I was a little CUNT. He likes me a lot. He tells me I'm not allowed to

I see him whenever he visits me. He comes down my chimney and says "Hi, Omar" and gives me my new present. Last week he came down head first. It was very confusing. I bandaged his head and gave him some camomile tea.

HACENE

What do you and Santa Claus talk about, Miss Fendermast?

OMAR

We don't talk at all. We play "horsey" and "doctor". I like to play "prison" best. It's new.

HACENE

"Prison"?

OMAR

I'm the bad prisoner and Santa Claus is the CIA jailer. It's very political. Santa Claus says that nowadays everything is politically determined.

HACENE

Miss Fendermast, I believe you're living in total delusion. I'm going to show you what REAL life is.

This part of the show is very rough

OMAR

I don't want to do that! Anything but that!

HACENE

I'm your doctor, Miss Fendermast. Do you trust me totally?

OMAR

(looking up at him with total trust in its beautiful face)

Yes, doctor.

HACENE

Then do what I tell you to do!

Play Blondie's GONNA GET CHA but not so loud, the words can't be heard.

Omar stands up walks to FRONT RIGHT of stage. Music for GONNA GET CHA starts playing. It lip-syncs words and, at first clumsily, then gets into it, dances and strips. It's naked. It walks over to Hacene Suddenly it remembers it's a CUNT who isn't into sex. It reverts.

MUSIC OFF

HACENE

Lie down on this bed on your back and spread your legs. Wide.

OMAR

Do you have some rubbers on you?

OMAR

Rubbers? What do you need rubbers for? It isn't raining.

HACENE

(walks over to bed and lies on top of it)

You're so dumb, the only thing that'll penetrate you is this.

(Gets between its legs and pretends to shove his cock up THE CUNT.)

OMAR

Oh doctor. Oh doctor. Are you sure this is part of the treatment? It feels so good...

(They're pretending to fuck medium hard and medium fast. Their asses are towards the audience so the audience can't see anything.)

THE CUNT my mother always told me it was painful to be sick.

HACENE

The pain'll come later, honey.

OMAR

Oh. Oh.

HACENE

Yees. Goddam you CUNT

(spreads into continual low rumbles.)

OMAR

Oh. Oh no. Oh Oh Oh

(higher in pitch)

Oh Oh Ah Ah Aaaah Aaah Oh yes

(lower)

Ooh? Ooh? Ooh. ooooh-oooh-oooh Ah. Aaaaghgh

(It flops.)

Hacene pulls up his black underpants, stands up and looks down on it

HACENE

I'm going to give you exactly what you want, Miss Fendermast, cause I'm the best there is.

OMAR

I want you to come down here

(pointing to the stage floor in front of him)

and crouch down like a poodle.

OMAR

Huh?

HACENE

Do you love me?

OMAR

Yes.

HACENE

Then go down on all fours.

OMAR

O' K'.

(There's a question in its voice. It gets down on all fours. It realizes it's a dog. It races back to its bed.)

No, I won't. I won't do that.

HACENE

Woof. Woof.

(As it lifts up its back leg to pee, Hacene is reaching for its ass and his thick cock is just about to touch the hole. Omar, freaking out again, runs behind the red velvet curtain,)

I want to go back to THE CUNT mommy in Hicksville! It never told me life would be like this.

The red velvet curtains close. Hacene in his psychiatrist suit and Omar in its uptown shopping outfit walk on stage in front of the red velvet curtains.

HACENE

Well. Miss Fendermast, do you still believe in Santa Claus?

OMAR

Of course I do, doctor. If there wasn't a Santa Claus, I'd never get any presents.

7

A CUNT DOES NOT BELONG TO ANY MAN

I want to settle down. I want to tell all my boyfriends NO because fucking different men often emotionally confuses me: I stop differentiating between cock and cock. I don't know what I feel for any man except for whatever exact peculiar friendship exists for me at that moment between myself and the
When vibrations move too fast and jagged-that kind of experience-, "I" move so fast, I can no longer feel. Is feeling therefore just self-reflection? I have to base myself on immediate strong action reactions, not on thoughts. I want to be calm

sex: the force power I can perceive rises up outside me. I break myself against it. I am religious.

THE CUNT is pale. It's gained five pounds, all of its body movements are nervous. It is wearing a simple clinging blue and-white print European sheath and a pair of high-heeled sandals. It is walking down the white steps to the Casbah entrance.

At the Rue de la Lyre entrance, ten French policemen are cornering an Algerian because he has no papers.

The Algerian cries out. The French policemen put their hands on him. The Algerian, frightened, struggles to escape. Now the Algerian crowd pushes against the police because they can't do anything 'else to say NO. The police are dragging the handcuffed Algerian with them.

THE CUNT immerses itself in the crowd. It's carrying a black leather cosmetic case as if it's a bag of groceries. It realizes it doesn't know how to carry the case and this makes it more awkward.

THE CUNT'S the one up before the French border control. The French cops want to see its I'D' They're being rather nervous because of the recent incident with the Algerian. THE CUNT hands them I'D' One cop hands it back to it and signals it to pass. Then the cop stops it. He wants to examine its cosmetic case. THE CUNT makes itself flirt with the cop. It successfully draws his attention away from the cosmetic case and it gets through the border control.

It is walking down a wider empty street in the European section. It walks into a bar called the Milk Bar on the corner of Place Bugeaud. A lot of young hip Europeans are dancing and swinging around in this bar. The jukebox plays GONNA GET 'CHA by Blondie.

THE CUNT looks down at the jukebox songs. It puts the black leather cosmetic case on the floor so it can choose songs. Its foot pushes the cosmetic case under the jukebox. It pushes some buttons. It leaves the bar before the songs start.

Outside, on the Rue d'Isly, the Milk Bar jukebox can be heard playing GONNA GET 'CHA. Three European men walk into the bar. The bar explodes.